

How we found the "WHITE" PAPUANS

FROM many parts of the world there come rumours, stories, fables, of unknown races of "white men" living deep in the hinterlands of savage regions.

These stories come from South America, Africa, the South Seas. In his story, "The Man Who Would Be King," Rudyard Kipling revived the fable that in Afghanistan there was a race of white men ruled in Biblical fashion.

Here is the story of the discovery of a mysterious "light-skinned" race—the "White Papuans" of New Guinea.

It is a story of great daring.

SEARCH FOR WHITE PAPUANS.

One day, seven years ago, Jack Hides, the Assistant Resident Magistrate, and Jimmy O'Malley, a Patrol Officer, decided to look into the story of "White Papuans," who, it was said, lived between the Strickland River and the Purari River—the last part of Papua which was unexplored.

They took with them a dozen native police.

No one knew what lay ahead. At first the expedition seemed doomed to failure. After leaving the known waters of the Strickland, the boats of the party were forced to turn back by fierce whirlpools, cataracts and currents which made progress so slow that it would have taken them months to move a few miles.

But Hide and O'Malley left their heavy boats and went upstream in canoes, relaying stores—a terrific task.

A month later they discovered an unmapped tributary which Hide called the "Rentoul."

The party advanced up the Rentoul, when again, it seemed, all must end in disaster. Cataracts made boats useless, no matter how light.

BOATS BURNED BEHIND THEM.

So Hide and O'Malley decided to go overland. They burned their boats, so that their few porters might not be tempted to turn back from the unknown lands ahead.

One canoe was sent back to the main party with six sick men. All that Hide and O'Malley had with them were ten native policemen and a few porters.

HEAD-HUNTERS' TERRITORY.

A few days later the first attacks came. Hide and O'Malley found they were in territory where strangers were not welcome. The nomadic population seemed to be timid and were very afraid of this expedition.

FOR FIGHT FANS.

IN the Clara Street Boxing School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, trainer Joe Shepherd has a promising national "stable."

In five tournaments at Sheffield, Mansfield, Newcastle and South Shields, he has supplied 24 youngsters out of the 25 winners.

One of these is 20-year-old blacksmith's apprentice Joe Corbett, who has had 41 fights, only one of which he has lost. Even this was reversed in the return match. The North promises some post-war champions in the glove game.

Every half-mile or so a few arrows would be shot at them. Hide and O'Malley did not answer fire. They blew police whistles instead—and the attackers scuttled off.

The explorers proceeded in a north-easterly direction, passing many small clearings upon which the natives had worked with stone axes to raise sugar and banana crops.

Again the explorers met an apparently insurmountable difficulty: a huge rock of wall, stretching for miles across their path.

And again Hide and O'Malley forced their way ahead.

Stores were relayed along the whole rock face for about twelve miles, and a break was found.

The whole party then went forward for 45 days. Most of the porters tried to quit, but were forced back. Some of the police fell ill.

So half the stores were dumped, leaving only 28 loads of rice, 40 tins of meat, a little sugar, and a little tea. Little enough with which to face the hundreds of miles of territory ahead.

Before the party was a steep limestone ridge. The heat was intense. For all they knew, the ridge might extend for scores of miles.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY.

For seven days they struggled over this devastating wilderness. In the seven days they managed to make only 14 miles' headway.

They were 8,000 feet up, and rain fell continuously. But there were no streams, no springs over the whole of this area. The limestone sucked up the water as soon as it fell, and whenever the rain ceased, the rock on which they walked painfully was bone-dry.

Cracks, fissures and deep crevasses hindered their passage, and within a few days the soles of their boots had been worn through.

For a month they carried on. Then, with only a few pounds of rice left of their provisions, they gazed down upon a huge series of valleys, closely cultivated.

They had reached the home of the light-skinned unknown Tari Furora.

As soon as their presence became known the exploration party was attacked.

THROUGH HOSTILE LAND.

Ragged, half-starved and weak, the party struggled on for five weeks, with hordes of hostile natives attacking them

A Waga - Furari cannibal snapped just before an attack on the camp.

with arrows and stone clubs. All the attacks were beaten off by rifle fire.

Throughout these valleys, enclosed by high mountains, there was evidence of constant fighting among the savages themselves.

Park-like enclosures were seen, where ceremonial dances were held, and victims eaten after raids on neighbours.

The Tari Furora, Hide declares, are certainly not Papuans; they are light brown, short, and have strong Asiatic characteristics. How these mysterious people made the long journey from Asia to New Guinea, how they held their own among hostile cannibals, are questions without answers to-day.

DANGEROUS HOME TREK.

But the dangers surrounding Hide and O'Malley's party had not yet ended. It was decided to push straight ahead and so try and strike civilisation again. To retrace their steps was now impossible.

As soon as they left the country of the Tari Furora they entered a second series of valleys, and were attacked immediately. They had met the fierce, treacherous Waga-Furari, Papuan head-hunters, wearing wigs made from the hair of their victims.

These savages then tried to tempt the explorers into stockades where food was heaped in profusion—it was evident that preparations had been made for killing and eating the party.

When this treachery failed the natives attacked the explorers' camp, hundreds at a time, using stone axes and daggers made from human thigh-bones. Once again all attacks were beaten off. The explorers pushed on.

ALL EQUIPMENT LOST.

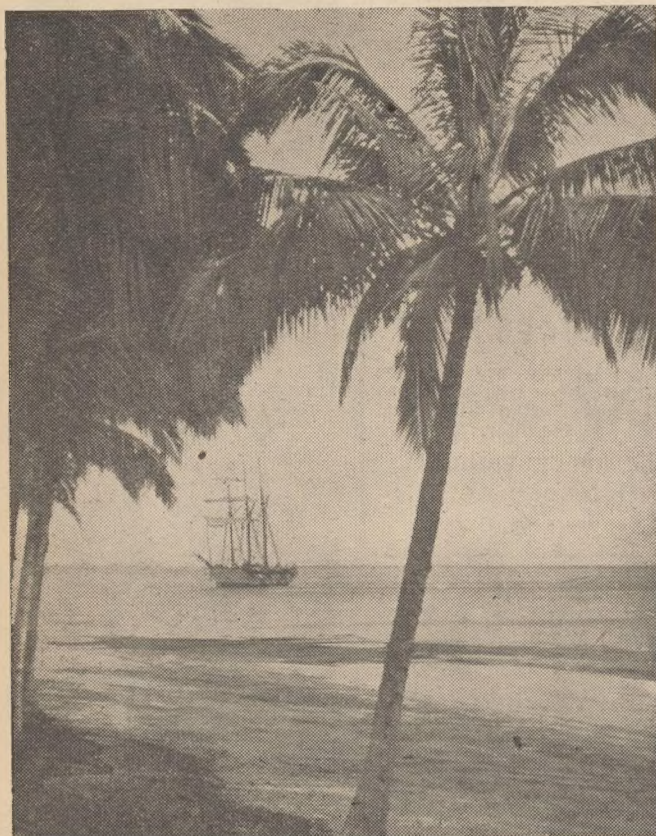
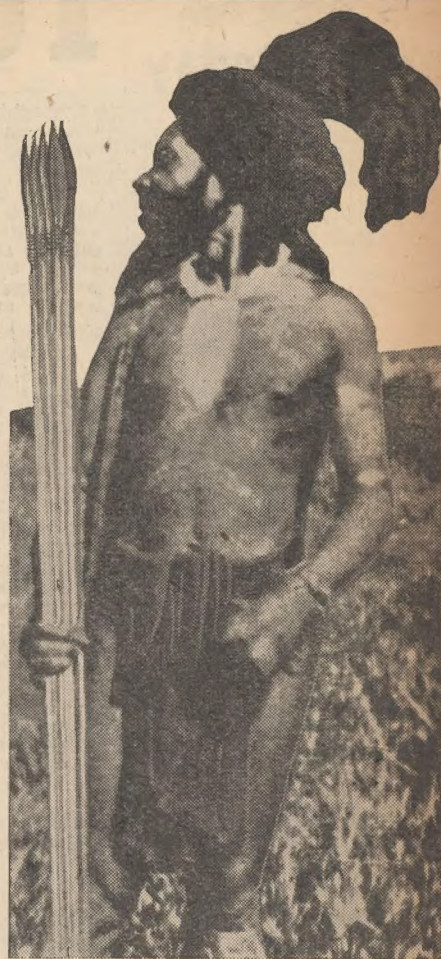
After a week a river was met, and the party made rafts, but on the first day down the river the rafts capsized and the entire equipment—ammunition, stores, tents—was lost.

Living on rats, palm-cabbage and fungi, the explorers lost strength day by day as they struggled on across the difficult country.

SAVED BY SAGO.

Just as they seemed at the end of their tether they found sago. It saved their lives. The party lived on boiled sago for three days, and then met friendly natives.

When Hide and O'Malley got back to their Government station they were not recognised. They were bearded, in rags, and woefully thin—but they had carried out what is now known to be the most daring modern exploration of the South Seas.



A Packet of News from the HOME TOWN

TWO OLD WARRIORS.

ONE: "A great day this, for me," mentioned Selby Morton, of Hebburn-on-Tyne, to his workmates in the engine works.

"Yes," he added, "it's my golden wedding anniversary."

Although over 70, Selby is on the job as a machinist every day, and is not thinking of retiring. He celebrated the 50th anniversary of his wedding after he'd finished his day's work.

TWO: Considered one of Wales's champion coal-getters, 72-year-old Wally Organ, of Oakdale, Mon., has just retired after 60 years' work down the pit. On his last day he cut seven tons of coal—and his record is 48 tons in a week. That is enough to keep 16 British home fires burning for a year.

Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel, sent him a letter wishing him a well-earned rest.

"A rest for me?" asked Wally. "No fear! I've still got my allotment. And there you'll find me when the Victory bells ring. My pit shovel is shiny, man, and I'll keep it turning for Victory."

WALES ETHIOPIA LINK.

EIGHT Welshmen are now on their way to Addis Ababa to open a college modelled on the Bible College at Swansea.

Emperor Haile Selassie has sent a special request to Wales for a college "just like the one at Swansea."

Prince Asrate Kassa, son of General Ras Kassa, who is a Governor of Ethiopia, spent three years of his exile in the College.

Major H. S. W. Seward, who was on the staff of the College while the Prince was there, is said to be the head of the new college in Addis Ababa.

DIAMONDS IN DUSTBINS.

WASTE-PAPER merchants in Dublin are going through their salvage stocks with great care.

For somewhere in the junk are a couple of diamonds worth over £400.

The owner of the diamonds said he put them in an envelope for greater safety—and then threw the envelope away.

PILGRIMS WENT BAREFOOT.

FOUR people took off their shoes and socks on the coast of Northumberland the other day and walked across the tide-washed sand between Beal and Holy Island.

They formed the smallest pilgrimage ever to be made to Holy Island to commemorate the landing of St. Aidan in the year 635.

PENNY POOL.

NOW 75, Mrs. Jane Fletcher, of Grimsby, has collected over £200 for the Red Cross.

YOU'RE TELLING US.

THIS is what Wigan was told by Sir Harold Mackintosh, Chairman of the National Savings Committee:—

"There will come a day when it will be not only a pleasure but a duty to spend."

HEARD IT?

THE Tommy, looking very dejected, turned to his chum in the ranks as the sergeant walked away down the line, and said:—

"Angus, I feel like ticking that sergeant off again to-day." His chum queried, "Again?" "Aye, I felt like it yesterday, too!"

"WHITE" HEADHUNTERS



A PLEA IN FAVOUR OF TEA.

IT is, perhaps, Because you chaps, Whilst at sea, Drink only tea, Or coffee, And suck toffee, That, once ashore, You prefer more, I fear, To drink beer. You really oughter Drink water. Which may taste funny, But saves lots of money. Don't visit pubs When away from subs. You can't be teetotal in a hotel. So, to be safe, Go to a cafe, Where the party, If not so hearty, Will, I mean, Be, at least, more clean.

(The above space was given to the nation by the "Down With Beer" Association.)

QUIZ for today

1. A toccata is a Spanish game, tropical fruit, musical composition, bullfighter, Italian church?
2. Who wrote (a) "Frankenstein," (b) "The Franklin's Tale"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Lettuce, Beetroot, Mushroom, Celery, Spinach, Turnip?
4. What is the height of Snowdon?
5. Who said, "Muddled oafs at the goals"?
6. How many bones are there in a giraffe's neck?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Harpsichord, Heliotrope, Heresey, Heterogeneous, Hexameter?
8. What is a corbel?
9. Who was Esther Waters?
10. Correct the misquotation, "To make the punishment fit the crime." Who wrote it?
11. Chimneys were first introduced into England in the year 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300?
12. How many feet has a hexapod?

Answers to Quiz in No. 155

1. Flesh of turtle.
2. (a) Swift, (b) Macaulay.
3. Elijah is an oratorio; the others are operas.
4. Loss of memory.
5. Abraham Lincoln.
6. The Muse of Lyric Poetry.
7. Psalter, Ptomaine.
8. 6,250 miles.
9. Hero of a novel by Smollett.
10. "The quality of mercy is not strained." Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice."
11. 1792.
12. A widow.

ODD CORNER

A MAN weighing a quarter of a ton died in a heat wave in 1936. He was Richard Harrow, who appeared as the "fat boy" in the film, "White Horse Inn." He was four feet across the chest, and his legs were the size of a normal man's body. A special van had to be sent for him, and part of the building taken down before they could get him out. His actual weight at the time of death was 41 stone.

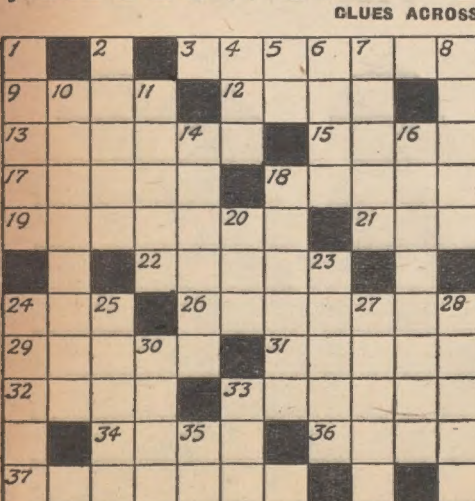
London's fattest man was Daniel Lambert, who died at the age of 39 in 1809, weighing 52 stone 11 pounds. He was 9ft. 4in. round the body, and over a yard round each

leg. His calves were so fat that the flesh drooped over his boots, and he used to let himself out on show in the West End of London.

Kent's fattest man entered Rochester Hospital in 1937 with a fractured ankle, and had to have a specially strengthened bed. He weighed 32 stone, and was 6ft. 6in. high.

A German girl weighing more than 40 stone was lifted from a cross-Channel steamer by crane at Dover in 1936, and then had to be lifted back again, as she was refused permission to land. At Siverek, a small town in Anatolia, a boy of three was reported in 1937 to weigh 10 stone 3 pounds, though he was only two feet tall. His name, Ramazan, means "fasting."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 3 Peaceable.
- 9 Precious stone.
- 12 Common mineral.
- 13 Bolts.
- 15 Term of existence.
- 17 Rogue.
- 18 Handsome woman.
- 19 Taciturnity.
- 21 Soak.
- 22 Hurling fellows.
- 24 Insect.
- 26 Extends.
- 29 Ribs of leaf.
- 30 New Zealand tree.
- 32 Boundary line.
- 33 Called.
- 34 Sound of mirth.
- 36 Read.
- 37 Unsteady.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Buildings and plant.
- 2 Of ships.
- 4 Animal.
- 5 Short company.
- 6 Be lazy.
- 7 Is deficient.
- 8 Chick's shrill note.
- 10 Bound fast.
- 11 Even.
- 14 Choir members.
- 16 Small bloom.
- 18 Go.
- 20 Tip.
- 23 Steep slope.
- 24 Turn away.
- 25 Compact.
- 27 Of man.
- 28 Teams.
- 30 Left.
- 33 Preservative.
- 35 Pronoun.

LEFT PIPITS
AQUATIC NEW
MUSK NEEDLE
BISSECT WILD
N ASSET E
BESOM AREAS
A TWEET Z
FIRE NECTAR
FRINGE HOLE
LOP AMPERES
ENERGY FEAT

AN Architect, a Professor of Art, an Historian, and Mr. Everyman, try to answer the question:

What is the origin of the different styles of architecture? How is it that the traditional styles are so uniform and clear-cut, while modern architects seem to use such a medley of different forms?

Architect: "Architecture is an art, and the architect is an artist. That is to say, when he designs a building he desires to express something, and he is entitled to choose any form he pleases to gain his aesthetic ends. From time to time new forms are thought of, and these then become available for the use of subsequent architects."

"Thus, at the beginning of architecture there were only a few forms to choose from, and styles were strictly limited. To-day, we have elements from all the styles at our disposal, and are not hindered from using them by senseless conventions."

"This does not mean that architects mix their styles in ludicrous ways, but that they have a free hand with a greater wealth of material than ever before."

Professor: "It is my experience that architects will commit almost any crime. There are, broadly speaking, four major divisions of classical architecture, and these cannot be mixed without producing ludicrous effects, because they are expressive of four different types of building materials."

"The so-called 'Classical' architecture is exemplified in Greek temples, the Gothic in our own older cathedrals,

the Byzantine in the domed palaces and churches of south-eastern Europe, and the Eastern in the pagodas of China."

The Classical style grew naturally out of the common building material of the Mediterranean shores—stone. You get upright pillars, with slabs of stone laid across them as lintels. This gives rise to a tradition of square arches, which later became rounded, and flat roofs.

"The Gothic style developed in Central Europe, where timber was the common building material. Two hewn trees propped against each other made a pointed arch, and thus you get pointed architraves and windows, and pointed roofs."

The Byzantine possibly grew out of the grass hut and the tent, and the Eastern from the simple frame of bamboos tied together."

Mr. Everyman: "But I don't see that it is ludicrous to mix these styles. Why shouldn't two stones be leant against each other, as well as two trees? And surely an ordinary

doorway is a square arch made of timber? And what is the objection to mixing stone and timber, anyway?"

Historian: "I can think of three factors which conspired to keep the various traditional styles pure. First, there is the fact that there were no architects in ancient times. At least, the builders were their own architects, and their trade was passed on from father to son for many generations. Thus a tradition was established, and to depart from it would have been a heresy."

"Second, building was done without the aid of mechanical power, and was therefore a slow and laborious business. Cologne cathedral took, I believe, four hundred years to build, and changes in architectural style would be correspondingly slow."

"Third, travel into distant countries was difficult, so that the builders were seldom disturbed by new and foreign ideas. For these reasons, once the architecture of a country was established, it tended to remain pure for a very long time."

Architect: "None of these reasons for maintaining a pure style holds good to-day. Architecture is no longer a hereditary occupation, building is a separate trade, mechanical power enables stones and timber to be cut, and buildings to be erected, in record time. Architects travel to many lands deliberately to study the styles of other peoples, and pictures familiarise everybody with all the different kinds of building in the world."

"Moreover, the mechanical difficulties which formerly dictated special treatments for special materials are easily overcome, and whereas the ancient architects were in part the slaves of their materials, the modern architects bend wood or stone or metal to whatever form they choose."

Professor: "Nevertheless, tradition is not to be despised, for aesthetic effect depends very much upon conventional symbolism."

"A building must at least appear to be consistent in its various parts, or it will be ugly. It may be possible, nowadays, to support the appearance of heavy stone on the appearance of flimsy wood, but that will not pre-

Who is it?

He started in life as an office boy, became an article clerk, was taken into partnership, elected to Parliament, and finished up as First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a paragon of politeness, and insisted that all orders to ships' crews should be prefaced by "If you please." In this he had the support of his many female relatives. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



This man may be doing a sand-dance, but we doubt it. He is — Puddling Clay for china-ware, Mixing Cement, Treading Clay for glass-making crucibles, or Mixing Cattle Food. Use your imagination, boys, use your imagination. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 155: Rhino.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in PUNCH, but not in FIST,
My second's in DRAUGHTS, but not in WHIST,
My third is in CIVVY, but not in STREET,
My fourth is in MERCHANT, not in FLEET,
My fifth is in SPRINTING, not in TRACK,
My sixth's not in EXPERT, but in CRACK.

(Answer on Page 3)

vent the result from looking top-heavy.

"Modern architects may play about as much as they like with modern building materials, such as steel, concrete and glass, but they are ill-advised to meddle with the time-honoured styles of Classical and Gothic forms."

Architect: "If I may have the last word, I should say that of course a good architect would not commit the absurdities suggested by the Professor. The modern designer of buildings has a free hand to do what he likes, and this helps to explain the variety of styles now common in countries which have hitherto had but one or two distinctive styles to show."

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- (a) APPLE PRINCE.
- (b) JORDAN BAY.

(Answers on Page 3)

WANGLING WORDS—112

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CAPTU, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of WELL NO GOLF, to make a famous poet.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: RAIN into BOWS, DAFT into SANE, COWS into HEEL, NAGS into HEAD.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from DISINTEGRATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 111

1. THousandTH.
2. ROBERT BURNS.
3. BIG, BIT, PIT, POT, ROT, ROE, TOE.
BOIL, SOIL, SOUL, SOUR, POUR, POOR, MOOR, MOON, BOON, BORN, BARN, BARD, HARD.
MOON, MOOR, POOR, POUR, SOUR, SOAR, STAR.
RUSH, RUST, REST, BEST, BEAT, BEAR, REAR, ROAR, SOAR, HOAR, HOUR.
Site, Rate, Late, Tear, Teal, Ties, List, Rite, Tile, Tale, Stir, Star, Silt, Slat, Lane, Sine, Rile, Rail, Lair, Tail, Liar, etc.
Trite, Lairs, Stile, Start, Rates, Inter, State, Tears, Train, Rants, Rites, Ralls, Tiler, Saint, Stain, Tarns, Terns, etc.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



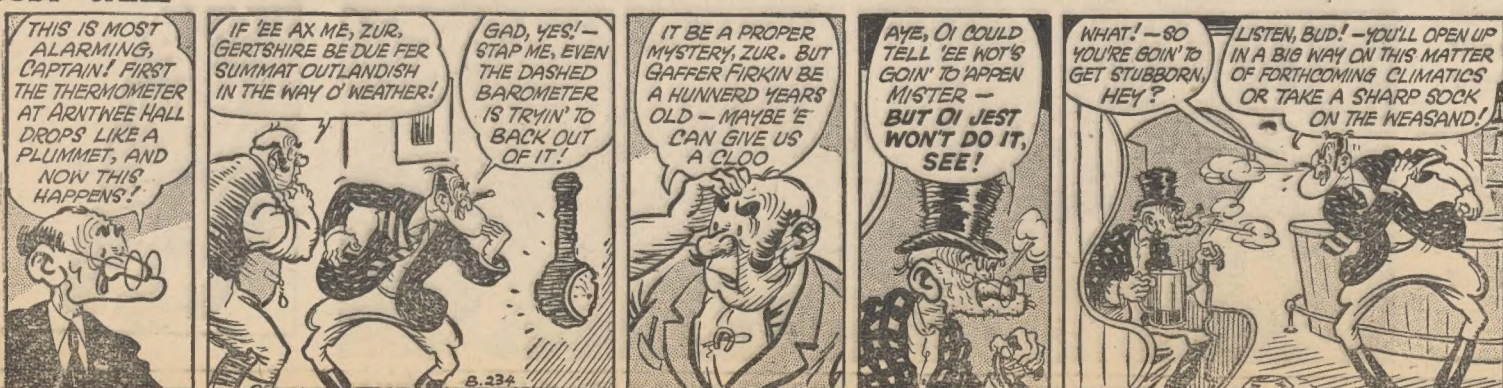
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Adam's Diary

NEXT YEAR.

WE have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping on the North Shore of the Erie; caught it in the timber a couple of miles from our dug-out—or it might have been four, she isn't certain which.

It resembles us in some ways, and may be a relation. That is what she thinks, but this is an error, in my judgment.

The difference in size warrants the conclusion that it is a different and new kind of animal—a fish, perhaps, though when I put it in the water to see, it sank, and she plunged in and snatched it out before there was opportunity for the experiment to determine the matter.

I still think it is a fish, but she is indifferent about what it is, and will not let me have it to try.

I do not understand this. The coming of the creature seems to have changed her whole nature and made her unreasonable about experiments.

She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals, but is not able to explain why.

Her mind is disordered—everything shows it. Sometimes she carries the fish in her arms half the night when it complains and wants to get to the water.

At such times the water comes out of the places in her face that she looks out of, and she pats the fish on the back and makes soft sounds with her mouth to soothe it, and betrays sorrow and solicitude in a hundred ways.

I have never seen her do like this with any other fish, and it troubles me greatly.

She used to carry the young tigers around so, and play with them, before we lost our property; but it was only play; she never took on about them like this when their dinner disagreed with them.

SUNDAY.

SHE doesn't work Sundays, but lies around all tired out, and likes to have the fish wallow over her; and she makes fool noises to amuse it, and pretends to chew its paws, and that makes it laugh.

I have not seen a fish before that could laugh. This makes me doubt. . . .

I have come to like Sunday myself. Superintending all the week tires a body so.

There ought to be more Sundays. In the old days they were tough, but now they come handy.

WEDNESDAY.

IT isn't a fish. I cannot quite make out what it is. It makes curious, devilish noises when not satisfied, and says "goo-goo" when it is.

It is not one of us, for it doesn't walk; it is not a bird, for it doesn't fly; it is not a frog, for it doesn't hop; it is not a snake, for it doesn't crawl; I feel sure it is not a fish, though I cannot get a chance to find out whether it can swim or not.

It merely lies around, and mostly on its back, with its feet up.

I have not seen any other animal do that before. I said I believed it was an enigma, but she only admired the word without understanding it.

In my judgment it is either an enigma or some kind of a bug.

If it dies, I will take it apart and see what its arrangements are.

I never had a thing perplex me so.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

THE perplexity augments instead of diminishing. I sleep but little.

It has ceased from lying around, and goes about on its four legs now. Yet it differs from the other four-legged animals in that its front legs are unusually short, consequently this causes the main part of its person to stick up uncomfortably high in the air, and this is not attractive.

It is built much as we are, but its method of travelling shows that it is not of our breed.

The short front legs and long hind ones indicate that it is of the kangaroo family, but it is a marked variation of the species, since the true kangaroo hops, whereas this one never does.

Still, it is a curious and interesting variety, and has not been catalogued before.

(To be continued)

Answer to Who Is It?

SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B., in "H.M.S. Pinafore"

Answers to Mixed Doubles

(a) PENCIL & PAPER.
(b) DARBY & JOAN.

Solution to Allied Ports:
HAVANA.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

STYMIED

"Someone must have had a bone to pick with me, to give me this one to pick all by myself."



What a jolly party. There's Margaret fallen asleep before she's even touched her birthday cake, while John seems to be writhing in agony. Maybe he's swallowed the beastly candle. Now Helena, well she realises the seriousness of the occasion. Boy, is that ice-cake vanishing?



Come on sister, no use crying over spilt milk. Besides milk baths are a luxury unknown these days.

This Scotland

A Scottish serenade close to the falls of Leny, near Callander, Perth.



Who would deny the triplets their ice-cake when Warner's star, Brenda Marshall is on the menu? Verrry tasty.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

